

RANDOLPH COUNTY JOURNAL.

DIGGS & DYNES,

"IF THERE ARE ANY IN THIS COUNTRY WHO WOULD RISE, I SAY TO THEM, IN GOD'S NAME, GOOD SPEED."—WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

PROPRIETORS.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. 4.

WINCHESTER, RANDOLPH COUNTY, INDIANA: THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1861.

NO. 2.—WHOLE NO. 262.

Randolph Co. Journal

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

DIGGS & DYNES,

OFFICE ON MAIN STREET, WINCHESTER, IND.

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One copy, one year, One Dollar and Fifty Cents.

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Attorneys at Law,

WINCHESTER, INDIANA.

Office in the new Jail Building.

Give special attention to the security and collection

of claims.

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Blank deeds and mortgages always on hand.

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WINCHESTER, INDIANA.

Office at the old stand, cor. Main and Sixth Sts.

Where he may at all times be found unless profes-

From Harper's Magazine.

THE QUAKER WIDOW.

BY RAYARD TAYLOR.

Three finds me in the garden, Hannah—come in!

The kind of thee

To wait until the friends were gone, who came

to comfort me.

These still and quiet company a peace may give,

indeed.

But blessed is the single heart that comes to us

at need.

Come, sit thee down! Here is the bench where

Benjamin would sit

On First-day afternoon in Spring, and watch the

swallows fly.

He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear

the pleasant bees

Go humming round the lilacs and through the

apple trees.

I think he loved the Spring: not that he cared

for flowers; most men

Think such things foolishness—but we were just

acquainted then.

One Spring, the next he spoke his mind: the

thing I was his wife.

And in the Spring (it happened so) our children

entered life.

He was but seventy-five; I did not think to lay

him yet

In Kennett graveyard, where at Monthly Meet-

ing first we met.

The Father's mercy shows in this—'tis better I

should be

Picked out to bear the heavy cross—alone in age

—than he.

We've lived together fifty years—it seems but

one long day.

One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was

called away.

And as we bring from Meeting-time a sweet

contentment home,

So, Hannah, I have sense of peace for all the

days to come.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it was

If I had heard the Spirit right, that told me I

should go;

For father had a deep concern upon his mind

that day.

But mother spoke for Benjamin—she knew what

best to say.

Then she was still—they sat awhile—at last she

spoke again.

"The Lord incline thee to the right!" and

"Thus shall he lead him, Hannah!"

My father said. Indeed, 'twas not the least

of love; for

For Benjamin was Hicokite, and father Ortho-

dox.

I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter

Ruth was lost;

Her husband of the world, and yet I could not

see her cross.

She wore, she knows, the gayest gowns, she

hears a herring priest—

Ah, dear! the cross was ours; her life's a happy

one at least.

Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress when she's as

old as I!

Would thee believe it, Hannah? once I felt

temptation high!

My wedding gown was when silk, too simple for

my taste;

I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon at

the waist.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the

woman's side!

I did not dare to lift my eyes—I felt more than

proud.

Till, "in the presence of the Lord," he said; and

then there came

A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say

the same.

I used to blush when he came near, but then I

shed no sign.

With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand

in mine.

It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I was

his life!

There knows the feeling, Hannah—there, too, has

been a wife.

As home we rode I saw no fields look half so

green as ours;

The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows

full of flowers;

The neighbors met us in the lane, and every face

was kind—

'Tis strange how lively everything comes back upon

my mind.

I see, as plain as these sits there, the wedding

dinner spread.

At our own table we were guests, with father at

the head,

And Dinah Passmore helped us both—'twas she

stood up with me.

And Abner Jones with Benjamin—and now

they're gone, all three!

It is not right to wish for death; the Lord dis-

poses best.

His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them

for his rest.

And that he loved our little flock, was merciful

I see—

For Benjamin has two in Heaven, and two are

left with me.

Eusebius never cared to farm—'twas not his call,

in truth.

And that he loved the dear old place, and went to

daughter Ruth.

There'll say her ways are not like mine—young

people nowadays

Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good

old ways.

But Ruth is still a friend at heart; she keeps

the simple tongue.

The kindly nature we loved when she

was young;

And it was brought upon my mind, remembering

her, of late.

That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay

too much weight.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit clothed

with grace.

And pure, askest, as angels are, may have a

homely face.

And dress may be of less account; the Lord will

look within.

The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or

sin.

Three mustn't be to hard on Ruth—she's anxious

I should go.

And she will do her duty as a daughter should,

I know.

'Tis hard to change so late in life, but we must

be resigned—

The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing

mind.

A moment is a mighty thing.

Beyond the soul's imagining.

For in it, though we trace it not,

How much there crowds of varied lot.

I know.

How much of life, life can not see.

Darkness dwells in eternity!

The Yankee Lover's Soliloquy.

As this as a hatchet I've grown,

And poor as Job's turkey, by golly;

I stand like a scarecrow, alone,

Sad victim of love's melancholy!

I feel most confoundedly blue,

Life's rose is turned to a thistle;

My sweetheart has turned out untrue,

And saked me as sweet as a whistle.

Though lively and keen as a rat,

And playful as any young kitten,

She has got the sharp claws of a cat,

And has showed 'em to me through the mit-

ten.

Of our village girls she's the belle,

And plump as a partridge she grows;

Her lips for two cherries would sell—

Her cheeks are as red as the rose!

Like two brown new dollars her eyes,

Her nose is turned nearer than wax,

Her bosom with Venuses vies,

Her hair—it is finer than fax.

I courted her day after day,

In the hope her affections to win,

But my trouble is all thrown away—

Like a fool I have been taken in.

I am laughed at by all of our folks—

They expected a wedding to follow,

She has turned out a terrible loss,

Her heart, like a pumpkin, is hollow!

As this as a bean pole I grow,

And crabbled and cross as a bear,

My heart—it is love cracked in— I know—

I shall lie down and die in despair!

Letter from John Sherman.

The following letter was received from Hon.

John Sherman, and was handed to us by J. F.

Smith, Esq., of Bellevue, to whom it was ad-

ded.—Fremont Journal.

WASHINGTON CITY, December 18, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR: We feel that there is danger

of separation on the part of some of the States

of the Union, and we are in hopes that some-thing may interpose

to prevent it. Our friends in Congress are

desirous to conciliate, but can never surrender

a solitary principle as laid down in our platform

at Chicago. I feel that we should act in mod-

eration, but firm and unyielding in our principles.

The Committee of Thirty-three are in session

daily, but so far as we can learn, can not satisfy

the extreme Southern men. They are bent on a

dissolution, seemingly so, and we must await their

action.

Mr. Buchanan's position is direct encourage-

ment to the Secessionists, and sets the Constitu-

tion and the laws, and our rights under them, at

perfect defiance. I feel an abiding faith in the

strong arm of the people of the mighty West,

and of all true patriots all over the country.

I am endeavoring to press forward the regular

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